

# A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.



The Blue and the Grey, Elliott Barnes' national melodrama, was produced Monday night at Niblo's Garden. The audience was small but excitable, and it received the patriotic big talk, the broad comedy and the martial episodes of the piece with unconcealed enjoyment. The scenery and the cast were exceptionally good, care and money having been expended by Shook and Collier and Peake and Gilmore on the production.

War plays are dangerous experiments. The general feeling now both North and South is to forget the strife that has long been given. People do not wish to revive old memories that are painful and saddening. When the Rebellion has become in truth a mere matter of history, when the men who participated in it have passed away forever, when a new generation has supplanted them which can review the horrors of the conflict without the emotion bred of personal connection with it, then perhaps a drama of this sort can be presented with even chances of success. The Blue and the Grey is a piece that is designed to rouse up old animosities and lay bare old scars. It gives an exaggerated picture of Northern patriotism and it brings forward no vestige of Southern chivalry and valor. The "Blue" is marked by spread-eagleism and flamboyant bombast; the "Grey" is typified by brutality, treachery, cowardice and falsehood. Perhaps in some remote Vermont or New Hampshire village, where progress is dead and prejudice flourishes, where the report of the guns that boomed in Charleston Harbor over twenty years ago is still echoing, there may be people who would enjoy the recollections stirred up by Mr. Barnes' drama, but there are few if any in this section of the country who could contemplate the cause that revives them with any other feeling than that of disgust. The enthusiasm that prevailed in Niblo's Monday evening was aroused simply by the dramatic phases of the play and the realistic manner in which the troops of soldiers fought and maneuvered. Had the contending forces been Zulus, Turks, Egyptians or Russians the effect would have been precisely the same. Drums, fifes and mimic alarms of war always stir the souls of the spectators, for there is in them all a martial instinct which is gratified by the superficial glitter of military strife.

The story may be related in brief limits. The first act opens in a New England village. News of the breaking out of the Rebellion arrives. Mark Stanley marches off with his company of Massachusetts boys to the seat of war, leaving behind his mother, sister and aged grandfather. The second act finds Stanley installed in the house of the guerrilla leader, Colonel Peyton, and doing the gallant to the rebels' fair daughter, Ruth. In the next act, which shows the camp of Stanley's company, Peyton, who has been captured, is awaiting death. By the aid of a spy he escapes beyond the Union lines. Through a combination of circumstances Stanley is suspected of having assisted the guerrilla's flight, but Ruth shields the man who loves her and whom she loves by taking the blame upon herself. Then the Federal camp is attacked and the air is filled with the reports of cannon and musketry, and the boys in blue are completely routed by Peyton and his forces. The Colonel is about to shoot Stanley, who has been taken prisoner, but Ruth again intercedes in his behalf and Peyton allows the Captain to go, after extracting promises from both his daughter and Stanley that they will never see each other again while he lives. Years elapse. Peyton dies and Ruth comes to the New England village and her lover just in time to play the good angel and save the Stanleys' farm from foreclosure under a mortgage held by a villainous skinflint who loves the Captain's sister and pinches the shoe out of revenge for his rejection by her. There is a plenty of comedy introduced, shared among a conventional Dutch sergeant, an Irish corporal and an aged plantation negro.

The central interest, the logia-hale of Ruth and Stanley, is strong, and it holds the somewhat disjointed episodes of the piece firmly together. If the banquette speeches were excised, and the comedy put through a refining process, the drama would be vastly bettered. The climaxes to the acts are all effective, particularly that after the escape of Peyton, where Ruth makes a sacrifice to save her lover. The battle scene is arranged and carried out on a realistic scheme. There are hand-to-hand encounters, bayonet charges, the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The detonations were real, however, for they frightened nervous women and almost split the ears of everybody. The explosions should be toned down.

The cast was very good. Lizzie Hudson, a

piece of Manager Collier, acted Ruth with admirable simplicity and rare feeling. She is a charming actress. Joseph Whiting acted Stanley manfully, but he seemed to be wanting in force and intensity where both were required of him. Horace Vinton as the guerrilla chief, Peyton, looked the part but acted badly. Dan Maguinness was very amusing as the Corporal, Dennis Eagan, and he sang the old song, "Whiskey, You're the Devil," with an uncouth swing that brought down the house. George Thompson was funny as the Dutchman. Old Josh, the plantation hand, was capitally acted by Charles Bradshaw, whose dialect is the best we have heard. John Mathews had quite a long part, a hard-fisted New England squire, and he played it excellently. D. C. Anderson was extremely explosive as Grandfather Stanley, a veteran of 1812. Virginia Buchanan and Netta Guion had small parts, which they did acceptably.

Some of the scenery—particularly the sets of Mazzanovich—was very beautiful. A band of jubilee singers warbled a few plantation hymns in pleasing style, and a large number of supernumeraries represented the Federal soldiers and Rebel guerrillas. Probably The Blue and the Grey will succeed, for its story and its mise-en-scene have the elements of popularity.

A large audience assembled at Tony Pastor's on Monday night to greet Lizzie Evans on her metropolitan debut as a star. C. E. Callahan's play, Fogg's Ferry, was acted by a good company. The author has improved the play since it was presented at the old Park Theatre by Minnie Maudern a few years ago. Miss Maudern did not make a success of the leading rôle. Chip, a ferry-girl with tomboy propensities. We will not bore the reader with a recital of the plot. In the last act the ferry-girl is discovered to be a grand lady—the daughter of a real live Judge. Miss Evans acted Chip with bounces and abandon. The audience were delighted with her caperings—especially the gallery, which was moved to boisterous enthusiasm. In scenes calling for pathos, however, the little woman was not so successful. But she made a hit all the same. In a single season this lady has become a successful soubrette star. Miss Evans responded to two recalls, and received one horticultural tribute. She is prettier than any of her pictures on wall or in window.

Of the support, Henry Scharf, as Zebulon Fogg, the ferrymen, was excellent. His makeup as a bronzed waterman was a fine stage picture. Mrs. J. R. Healey, as Mrs. Fogg, a shrewish old woman, did good work, making the character stand out prominently. As Gerald White, the ferry-girl's lover, A. S. Phillips was very acceptable. His voice is rather deep for so light a part. George W. Deyo was still stagey as Bruce Rawdon, the polished villain. Charlie Weidman played a husband-hunting maiden—uncertain age and corkscrew curls—very cleverly. All in all, Miss Evans is well supported. The stage settings were excellent. The season is for two weeks, with the privilege of extension.

Sydney Rosenfeld's burlesque, Well-Fedora, was performed for the first time in New York at the Fifth Avenue on Monday night. It is silly and stupid. A travesty to be palatable must have plenty of brightness and fun. Mr. Rosenfeld's concoction has neither the one nor the other. The choice of Sardou's play as a subject was a piece of foolishness, for Fedora is not the sort of work that can be effectively burlesqued. It might be worked into a twenty-minute afterpiece for a minstrel show, but it makes a very light-headed two-hours-and-a-half performance. The dialogue is inane, and the puns with which it is sprinkled are more atrocious than any yet perpetrated within the range of our observation. The new verses coupled to old songs throughout the entertainment are ridiculous. The whole affair is an insult to the spectators' intelligence, and we are surprised that Rosenfeld, who has done some clever work in other directions, should produce a piece so utterly unworthy of his talents as this.

The acting was on a par with the text. George K. Fortescue utterly failed to suggest Fanny Davenport in the rôle of the princess, although it was claimed that his performance would be an amusing travesty of that great impersonation. Mr. Fortescue is a curiosity in the matter of obesity, but even in this respect he falls short of the fat girls exhibited in the dime museums. In every conceivable manner the changes are rung on his cow-like proportions, but it is a limited field for mirth and soon grows excessively wearisome. Mr. Fortescue sings badly, dances clumsily, and cannot act at all, let alone mimic, with appropriate exaggeration, the peculiarities of Miss Davenport. To those that have seen the latter in Fedora he is entirely inadequate; to those who have not witnessed the performance he is wretched to a degree. The only resemblance he bears to the original is in the matter of costuming. His dresses are exaggerated duplicates of Miss Davenport's. The company surrounding the star is capable only in spots. Carrie Godfrey, who does the Countess, has a splendid soprano voice, which she manages cleverly. Several of her songs were rhapsodic. Hettie Tracy, as Sirieux, was graceful and pretty, but her songs should be cut out or given to somebody else. She cannot sing. The most successful work of the evening was done by Edward P. Temple, as Loggs. He is by long odds the best actor in

the party. A very officious comedian of the cast-iron type, Frank M. Wills, was obtrusive as Gretch, the detective. A large chorus, with the prettiest girls ever gathered together, was one of the redeeming features of the performance. They were beautifully clad in *reverie* garments—a mixture of tights and French Directory, and their movements and marches, arranged by Mr. Maffin, were pleasing. The scenery was handsomer than that shown in the Fedora production at the Fourteenth Street last Fall.

Tony Pastor has had many fine specialty companies under his lead during past traveling seasons, but the present one, which opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday, is the best of all. Harry Le Clair and W. J. Russell opened the programme with a laughable sketch, in which the former personated several female characters. Silvo, the equilibrist, did some marvellous balancing feats. The refined St. Felix Sisters appeared in songs, dances and medleys. Frank and Lillian White gave a clever act, entitled Papa's New Coachman. Tony Pastor next sang a budget of ditties in his own inimitable fashion. The Martens, the clever ventriloquist Duncan, Tilly Marionettes, the Four Roses and the acrobatic Garnieras appeared in the rest of the programme, which ended with a comical farce, Bushel's Bad Boys, in which the funniest members of the troupe were seen. The next attraction here will be Barry and Fay in Irish Aristocracy.

Ada Gray drew a good-sized audience to the Third Avenue, Monday evening, where she appeared in the always popular East Lynne. Of Miss Gray's Lady Isabel and Madame Vinc we have spoken hitherto in words of commendation. The impersonation is powerful, and probably the character has no better illustrator on the stage. Miss Gray is supported by an efficient company. The Barbara Hare of Adelaide Langdon is capital, and Miss Duffield is good as Joyce. J. W. Thompson played Carlyle admirably. The other parts were satisfactorily acted. This is the last week of Miss Gray's season. Next Monday Miss Claxton will appear here as Louise in the Two Orphans.

Lady Clare was greeted by a large house at the People's on Monday night and the company, which we have had frequent opportunity to notice recently, was well received. There is a certain incongruity in the Wallack party acting on the Bowery, but it never appeared before a more appreciative assemblage than that of Monday evening.

The success of May Blossom at the Madison Square is unvarying. The houses are uniformly large, and the play is thoroughly enjoyed by the audiences. It is one of the best acted pieces we have seen, and the prosperity attending it is well deserved.

Dan's Tribulations at the Comique is closing the second month of its run, and yet there is no palpable decrease in the attendance. When doubtfulness exists as to the desirability of visiting other places of amusement, it is safe to turn to Harrigan and Hart's with the assurance that a jolly evening may be spent with them and their capital company.

Popular prices have been adopted at the Star for the run of The Pulse of New York. The melodrama appears to please the spectators, and the scenery is especially the occasion of surprise and delight. A play is seldom better acted than Mr. Morris', and there is little doubt that it will finish the three weeks' engagement to a succession of good houses.

Random Shot at the Comedy will give place next week to Gus Williams in his new comedy called Captain Mishler. The company have been rehearsing for several days past and they agree with Mr. Williams that it is the most promising piece he has thus far attempted.

The Wages of Sin has unmistakably caught the town. The business at the Fourteenth Street Theatre has far exceeded the expectations of Messrs. Mabury and Overton, and they are consequently in high feather over their success. Mr. Harvey's drama is exceedingly powerful and the cast illustrating it is equal to the requirements of their parts.

## The Musical Mirror.

Success still attends Falka at the Casino. The houses are invariably large and the glittering, glamorous production is enjoyed visually as well as orally. On Sunday night the auditorium was crowded, and the concert proved to be one of the best of the season. Aimee made her last appearance prior to leaving for Europe, and captivated the audience by her *caïda*, rendering of some *chansons*. Addie Cora Reed gave "The Message" and the polonaise from "Mignon," and Aronson's capital band played a varied programme of popular selections. Part of these were rendered from the upper pavilion. The roof garden was crowded, the temperature being such as to make the breezes aloft refreshing.

Madam Piper has been amended in places where betterment was needed, and it now plays smoothly. No amount of fixing will make Cheever Goodwin's book a brilliant one, but the changes are such as tend to improve it

and inject a modicum of fun into the dialogue. Mr. Morse's music is really very pretty, and no fault can be found with the sumptuous manner in which the piece has been cast and mounted by Mr. Mentzer. The scenery and the dresses are superb. The acting of Meuses, Houston and Mentzer is genuinely comic and the singing of Misses Vaughn, Preger and Delaro is pleasing. There is no reason why Madam Piper, with a new libretto, should not, after it has run its course at Wallack's, be equipped for travel and sent out with every prospect of success.

Bluebeard continues to draw potently at the Bijou. It will be sent off to other cities by-and-by, and then the management will bring forth Aladdin, another piece of the same order, on a grander scale. They find that pure burlesque is more attractive than opera comique; for it is within the capabilities of their company, while the other is not. Bluebeard was an experiment. It has proved so unexpectedly successful that the Bijou will no doubt hereafter become the permanent home of burlesque.

## The Gay Capital.

Paris, May 7, 1884.

The great Verdi has written a new opera, called Othello, which he considers the crowning effort of his life, and it will soon be produced. The story is based on Othello, which the immortal William borrowed from the Italians, and then, after inserting a vein of comedy, adopted it as original. The music is said to be wonderful, and the "Ave Maria," which Desdemona warbles in the last act, just before she is pillow'd, is pronounced by those who have heard it to be a rare gem.

The Joli Gilles is the title of a new comic opera by Ferdinand Poiss and Charles Mousset, which is now in rehearsal and will soon be brought out at the Opera Comique. Winter has been lingering in the throats of most of the opera singers in the city, and bad colds are exceedingly fashionable. Our little daisy, Van Zandt, is luxuriating on a diet of milk and Vichy water, and preparing for a hearing on the 16th of the libel suit which she has brought, in the Eighth Chamber of the Correctional Tribunal, against that bold, bad newspaper correspondent, J. H. Haynie. She claims that he has gone over to the enemy, and that when Nevada departed from the Opera Comique Mr. Haynie reported the occurrence in a manner that was neither complimentary nor truthful. It will be an exceedingly cold day when either Van Zandt or Nevada gets left on the advertisement business, and in this respect, as well as in their singing, they do credit to our country. They each have a large following among the Americans, although Van Zandt for a long time was the acknowledged superior; but since Mrs. Mackey has made a convert and a protege of Nevada, the latter has been adopted by the ultra-fashionables, and the former left to the tender mercy of such commonplace individuals as your correspondent.

Madame Bonita is again the attraction at the Bouffes, and will reach the one hundredth performance on the 14th inst. The *Figaro* says as follows: "Of all the operas produced during the past season, this is unquestionably the best. The music of LaComme is charming, and Théo is always sweet, artistic and attractive." Your citizens will have the opportunity of hearing this opera in both French and English during the coming Winter, as Maurice Grau will bring it out in the former language, and Linn and Co. have the American right to produce it in English.

La Bianca was brought out as promised at Versailles, and, as predicted, was a flat failure. Most of the papers, notwithstanding the special train, dropped it with a few lines. The plot was before given in part; it ends by the son becoming cognizant of the fact that his pa is a stranger to him, and at this he becomes annoyed at his ma, who sooner than prove an obstacle to his happiness takes a cup of cold pizen, and so makes the good old-fashioned ending made so familiar in Odette and the hundred other kindred pieces. "The boys" took advantage of the free excursion and went to the performance, where they simply "raised Cain;" they threw spit-balls, yelled down the actors, and committed all sorts of atrocities; so much was this the case, that neither play nor actors had the ghost of a chance, and the fourth act could only be understood from the pantomime of the performers, as not a word could be heard. The sympathies of the Parisians are decidedly with Sara, and they took this exceedingly forcible manner of expressing their dislike to poor Mollie. However, it may be that Miss Colombier does not require our sympathy, as she is persisting in her original intention of taking the play all over France. She is now at Lyons with her company, and goes from there to Marseilles. The scandalous success of Marie Colombier's book, "Sarah Barnum," has led an anonymous writer to publish a pamphlet entitled "Nana, Judith, Lolo and Co.," the morals of which, however, are so atrociously indecent that all of the printed copies which could be found were seized by the police. Judic, who has been giving Mam'selle Nitouche with her customary success, was suddenly called to Monte Carlo, where her husband, Emile Judic, has been seriously ill for some time past with a complication of phthisis and diabetes; but he died before she reached him. He was forty-one years of age and bore the reputation of being a faithful husband of a true wife. They have had several children—two sons and one or two daughters. Judic owes her success almost entirely to the skillful management of her husband. When he married her, very young, she had \$12 a month at the Gymnase, whilst he had \$10 in a drygoods shop. He secured a place for her to sing at the Eldorado and afterward at the Bouffes, which insured their fortune. To-day she is the chief Parisian

favorite, and is known by sight to almost everyone in the city. The Varietes *longue* on La Vie Paristique, as it is not at all likely that Justice will play again this season.

Carmen did not prove the anticipated success at the Ambigu, and the director had no desire to continue the opera at once, but was permitted to permit it to remain on the boards for a short time longer. It will be followed by the everlasting *Sieste* of Gobillard and *Sieste* of *Sieste*, and *Summer* prices have been just increased, of the regular *Winter* time, a fact which might be interpreted with advantage upon managers and managers. After the *Orpheus* have run their race they will be followed by the *Two Doves*. The one hundred nights of La Dame aux Camélias brought in \$17,000 francs, or \$117,000—which is not "all bad."

Bluebeard sent a present to each of the actors and actresses as a memento of the run; but he readily offered it out of the royalty he has received. The whole of the *Comédie Française* charged out the duty of dressing her, pursued the lady to the gate of her residence in the Avenue de Villiers. A "distinguished personage," it is said, then interfered and requested the administration of the theatre to cease its pursuit. The request was complied with, but there is still ill-feeling against Sarah at the *Comédie*.

Trois Femmes pour un Mari, which has been adapted, and was to have been produced at your New Park Theatre, under the title of *Nice and Warm*, still holds the boards at the Cluny and will run all year. This is one of the great successes of the season.

M. Sellenick, the leader of the famous band of the Garde Républicaine, is to be retired on account of his advanced age. His figure is one that has been well known in Paris for twenty years past, and his name has been constantly mentioned in the press in connection with the excellent effects produced by his musical genius. M. Sellenick came to Paris in 1853, and became leader of the band of the Voltigeurs of the Guard in 1855. He went throughout the Franco-German war, was taken prisoner at Metz, and returned to this city to become leader of the band of the Second Legion of the Garde Républicaine. When both bands of the Garde were consolidated he was given supreme command. Under his training this body of musicians became one of the finest in the world. He has composed innumerable marches, waltzes and polkas, and a number of comic operas.

Coquin *ainé*, of the *Comédie Française*, has just delivered a lecture, at the *Salle des Capucines*, on *Béranger*. His object is to enlist public interest in the erection of a statue of the poet in the *Square du Temple*. Subscriptions will not be taken up, however, until the 24th inst., when a splendid matinee entertainment is to be given at the *Trocadero* in aid of the work. On this occasion all the leading artists from the various Parisian theatres will appear.

The formation of the new joint-stock company to control the *Eden* Theatre has been completed. The present capital is 600,000 francs, all of which has been subscribed. The largest stockholder is M. Paul Cléves, formerly the manager of the *Porte St. Martin* Theatre, who will be the director for six years, the duration of the articles of incorporation. Every description of spectacle is to have access to the theatre, and matinees are to be frequently given. The new management will begin on June 1. A new opera by Henry Litoff, the author of the overture of *Les Girondins*, *La Bolte* in *Pandora*, and *Hélène et Abaillard*, is in preparation at the *Grand Opera*. It is entitled *Les Templiers*. Anton Rubinstein has finished his concerts at Copenhagen, where he was treated with much distinction by the Queen, and received from the King the Cross of a Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog. Theodore Wachtel appeared at the Berlin Opera House on Thursday, in the *Pontillon* of Longjumeau, the title part of which he sang on that day for the 900th time. The Bohemian composer, Smetana, residing in Prague, has suddenly become insane, and has been removed to a lunatic asylum. The opera of *Antony and Cleopatra*, by Count Wittgenstein, has been accepted by the Vienna Court Opera, and will soon be produced. Mme. Bernhardt and her company will commence an engagement this evening in Brussels to last four nights. She will appear in *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Frou-Frou*. The new tenor, Signoretti, lately engaged by the *Theatre Italien* will make his appearance to-morrow night in *Ermanno*. Victorien Sardou has been elected a municipal councillor at Marley. He is extremely popular amongst his village neighbors whom he has dubbed "*Les Hommes Vilainous*." Salvini has expressed his opinion of Henry Irving that he is admirable but not great, and that no man living could play Othello with those legs. Signor Sgambati, the finest pianist of Italy, has come to Paris, and will personally superintend the rendering of some of his own compositions. The *Alcazar d'Ete* and *Concert des Ambassadeurs* have been reopened for the season. Iphigénie, the tragedy by Racine, is to be revived at the *Theatre Français*. *Ballo in Maschera* will be produced next week at the *Theatre Italien*. The *Bullier Gardens*, where the students hold their celebrated balls, opened on the first instant.

The echoes from the boulevards are:

"How old do you think that actress is?"  
"Thirty-five."  
"Impossible!"

"I assure you I cannot be mistaken, for I have heard that that was her age at least a hundred times during the past twenty years." An American who boasts of his Norman lineage was showing to a friend his gallery of portraits which he had purchased from the *brocanteurs*:

"Is this warrior one of your ancestors?"  
"Yes; he was in the Crusades."  
"Which?"  
"Oh! in all of them!"

MEMOR.

Although every possible effort was made to secure the attendance of a few prominent professionals at the meeting of the Actors' Fund on Thursday last, only the faithful four—Colville, Mme. Malory and Florence—appeared. These were not sufficient to a quorum. Harry Miner, who throughout the past year has devoted a great deal of time to the Fund, has announced his intention of resigning from active membership. This will be a loss, as he

## THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

### Our London Looking-Glass.



*Skin out, fair sun, and by our looking-glass,  
That we may see the drama's shadows pass.*

—Simon Bo., or Richard III.

"Wanted—An Author" may be said to be a standing placard on every London theatre except where *Confusion*, *In the Ranks* and *Claudian* find full and delighted houses. Even on the walls of the *Olympic*, where Rignold thought he had answered the cry with *Bartley Campbell as My Partner*. Mrs. Conover, the manageress who gives a midnight supper at the *Continental Hotel* this evening to a host of critics and first-nighters of the *Olympic*, is credited with firing off this joke into the ears of G. R. (letters once standing for Georgius Rex), "B. C., the author of this play, may fully know the A B C of 'playwriting,' but audiences seem D E F to his art and some G H I (Gye) him." No one in London, however, has been found bold enough to predict that Rignold will ever cover over this joke to his liking.

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I, however, still pin my faith to B. C. He has the three P's of success in the pod of fortune, viz.: Pluck, Patience, Ploy. He constructs plots like a Frenchman, but he does not yet write staccato and bombe dialogue such as Tom Taylor and Byron knew and Sheridan left as a legacy.

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Which allusion reminds me of a clever caricature of another playwright, Arthur Pinero, which is in the current number of the organ of the music-halls, the *Ent'rent*. It represents Pinero engaged in the cleansing and restoring of a Sheridan picture, while Bancroft stands by supervising and directing. This is apropos of the recent revival of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket, where the two have treated the dear old play as a cook cuts and carves a capon when about to serve it up with sauce *a la Marengo*, dovetailing wings and livers and legs and neck in true gravy-inspiring style. I call the version "the reformed transformed." Its proper stage should have been at the Novity Theatre, and the Harris brothers and sister should have been the executioners. And when a "swell" theatre like the Haymarket has to fall back upon emasculation of Sheridan you can judge how true is the placard aforesaid—"Wanted—An Author."

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Perhaps I should let the changes be reflected. The first scene of the original play mainly composes the first act, and into this is introduced from second scene of Act II. the Sir Lucius and Lucy meeting, and the second scene of that original is the whole second act of the dis-composed play. The third act is a composite of original Acts II. and III., beginning with the Captain's lodgings with Faulkland and some Bob Acres. The other acts pass in the Bath tea-rooms. Act IV. is much of old Act III. and some of Act II., and ends with the despatch of the challenge written in the Pump room! Act V. introduces a gavotte. Act VI. is short and passes in King's Meal's Fields, including the duel scene, which unfortunately turned into burlesque and made one wish for Jefferson. He makes you laugh at Bob Acres. Here the audience laughed, not at the character, but at the personal performer, Lionel Brugh. "Is it not fine," asked a blue-blooded Briton of me, I was silent, remembering other "Rivals." I like Pinero for his pluck and his utter inability to understand when he is even defeated. But some day he will be Uncle John Gilbert's Sir Anthony, and then he may throw his part up like a mariner with malice. Then could I forget Lester's Captain John Dyson's Faulkland and Billy Floyd's or Brigham's Sir Lucius O' "Tiger." I own, however, to forgetting all the Malaprops in the faintest performance of Mrs. Stirling, whose gracious face is on this week's page of *Under the Clock*.

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I regret to say that the programme of a cheap popular theatre has not proven popular for Mr. Taylor, who took Her Majesty's and put up at low prices. The *Ticket-of-Leave* has had to take one and has closed the house. All because he had not financial bladders enough to sustain his swim. Time alone in England aids innovations. The costermonger here would rather pay sixpence for a gallery standee at a theatre where the stalls are half a guinea than set in a sixpenny pit at a theatre where the stalls may be as low as half-a-crown. Manager Taylor needed capital to fill up a wavy treasury until cheapness had advertised itself into success.

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Besides, I find that the music-halls are

growing into popularity. Call them "variety theatres" and the American can understand what they are. Indeed, to an extent, a fashionable future seems to be approaching in their direction. They are pastoral (not to say Tony Pastor) in comparison with the heavy fog of a city character that hangs around many of the dramatic footlights.

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"Come, Bob, let's go to the Pavilion," a "chapier" was heard to say at the end of Barrett's first act in *Richelieu*, "and hear Mrs. Weldon." "From which request I infer," said the other, "that you do not think her name applies to Barrett's attempt." I grieve to see that the public generally agree with this idea. Artistically, Mr. Barrett is a pronounced failure, but financially fearfully so. Fortunately for his peace of mind he is so constituted as not to be aware of his failures, and goes on as steadily facing empty benches and "launching the curse of Rome" nightly as if he were an Irving, a Vezin or a Wilson Barrett. He continues, however, popular in social circles. There is much private sympathy expressed for him. This is especially apparent at Mrs. Barrett's charming receptions in Cromwell Road. Now that Irving has arrived, this returned monarch may contrive some line of retreat for L. B. which will save what prestige he brought over from the other side of the Atlantic.

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Mention of receptions remind me that Mr. Freedom, who is the great friend and backer of Frank Lincoln, the recitationist, has cards out for a supper to the latter. But it's not a case of "Lincoln's in," for the handsome young kid (as I heard a dowager actress call him) has not arrived. I had thought America, in its vernacular slang, "took the cake" for hospitality, but nothing on your side seems to equal the innately hearty and cordial (though never effusive) hospitality of the Briton. It is never given patronizingly, and its best significance lies in the fact that it is so extended that it seems as if the guest were conferring the honor on the host, albeit the reverse is the case. America paragraphs the artist into being known, but England dines him into notoriety if not fame.

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Lotta yesterday made a successful change of bill by producing Nitouche. Hervé is a present fashion. This makes the third of his works which now are running in London. I fear the little lady has not made the pecuniary success she should have made. I am convinced, from investigations, that Harry Jackson has not managed her well. For instance, she was an American actress who would return. Her London success was an item worth knowing at home. Yet on the night of her debut he took no pains whatsoever to inform the three representatives here of cable interests for newspapers of the event, nor even to send stalls. I say this not snarlingly, but regrettably, for Lotta has never played better nor more pluckily maintained herself than during the past four months at the Comique.

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Fun is poking in some quarters at William Archer, the dramatic critic of the *World*, who—although not by any means a Dutton Cook, nor as often at the winning-post of style as his namesake, Fred, is at the racing post and carrying off honors "by a head"—recently wrote some clever verses on Byron. Four of his lines run thus:

"His sourest critics cannot par:  
Unkindly from him—for his heart;  
Was better than his puns, and these  
Much better than his comedies."

Yet they are fairly antithetical and quite true, although the lines are open to the observation—"Innate Archer, would not pun suffice?"

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"Our Looking-Glass" has already reflected the faithful pertinacity with which some performers study the realistic. Brookfield—who bids fair to be a great comedian of the future, for instance, plays David in *The Rivals*; and to qualify himself for the up-country patois of the part he spent a Sunday acquiring it from one who was native and to the manner born. And now Miss Lingard, who is to play Pauline in *Called Back*, and represent a heroine whose intellect is off hinges so to speak; by a sudden flight, spent two days in Bethlehem Asylum (corrupted into Bet-lum and Bedlam) studying a patient who has acute melancholia and occasional hysterics—all the result of surprised fear. Miss Lingard is, you know, an exception to the ordinary cases of professionals who are ready to take certain parts which they cannot fill, for she takes the part and gets crazy over it with effort.

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Fred Leslie's friends will be glad to know that he has saved the treasury of the Alhambra from being begged by its students. He arrived at Liverpool in the morning and at night was teaching the Ollendorf method on the stage. Perhaps some of his New York gags are too doubtfully understood by Londoners, but in the main he was accepted at once, and Kingston—the clever librettist whose musicals in the May *Theatre Magazine* rival the omnibus-box of Clement Scott and Reade and Byron—is delighted with the returned artist.

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The Frohman agency here earned and abetted by its prime minister, Mr. Chapman, although only two months old, has already raked up the dry chips and taggots of some other Strand agents. I hear that the Frohman bureau will engage the great musical

wonder of the time—the violinist Sarasate, who plays a nocturne and E flat by Chopin in a manner that makes you believe some weird spirit is fairly using the strings as a telephonic medium from the other world. For your classical lookers in our Glass let me add as to this gifted, if not inspired, musician.

Elmer Sarsate.

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I was brought face to face almost with the Old-Time-Rocks of the British stage last week, in an introduction to an old man of ninety years, whose player spell began with his boyhood, when he saw Siddons and had Sheridan pointed out to him in the streets, and whose long-lived grandfather gave him recollections derived from a talk with his grandfather about Shakespeare's plays and as to what a wonder they were. Moreover, my ninety-year-old had not lost his interest in the drama, and when asked about the painful days of the aforementioned agreed with me that, while no one had risen to dispute rank of authorship with the two S's aforesaid, there was no such finished acting nor such perfect effects on the stage as now. For, dear brethren, let us crush the bone of a veteran who "garrules" (to invent a word) about the decadence of theatricals and companies, etc.—let us crush him as we would the drooping beetle.

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Irving is back to-day, and he has a modestly triumphant look. I really believe he values the good will he left behind and the good will which greets him now vastly more than the excellent bank-account which stands in his name at Coutts'. May the Looking-Glass reflect for him this sonnet, which came to my pen last night after reading Elmer Speed's Keats, and wondering how any one ever dared to write a sonnet after he had "writ his life" sonnet in "water"—although it is water flowing directly from the Pierian Spring.

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To HENRY IRVING ON HIS ARRIVAL.  
Returning Monarch in dramatic realms,  
Britannia endures her far-flung sun.  
Who from America new triumphs won.  
Fair sail Art's ships when thou dost grasp their helms.  
Did not Britannia to her daughter land—  
The land that boasts so much derivative  
From fires of Fancy that a Shakespeare fanned  
Commission this new wealth of Art to give?  
Welcomed since this Companionship fulfilled  
Sincerity, that now thy countrymen  
Eagerly wait to visit curtain.  
Again they'll crown thee chief of thine own Guild  
With Island crown that thou'rt proudly sent.  
Was gammed anew by a great Continent.

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A. OAKLEY HALL.

#### Professional Doings.

—The Little Duke is in rehearsal at the Casino.

—W. T. Skiff goes with W. J. Scanlan next season.

—Clara Morris' company arrived in town on Monday.

—Bertha Ricci has two sisters in the Falka company chorus.

—Henry Rockwood has been re-engaged by the Madison Square.

—F. W. Zaulig, the musical conductor, sails for Paris in July.

—John T. Malone has signed with Rhea as leading man for 1884-5.

—Blanche Vaughn has signed with Roland Reed for season 1884-5.

—Godchaux costumed Well-Fed Dora. He is a partner in the venture.

—Alice Brown, late with Sol Smith Russell, has been engaged by Lotta.

—A new Opera House will be opened at Lancaster, Ohio, in September.

—Emma Abbott visits California next season under contract with two Frohmans.

—Eugene Tompkins sailed for Europe last week. He will return about August 1.

—Gus Kerker and Max Freeman have the Bijou management for next season.

—Frank Burke has been engaged for one of the Silver King companies for next season.

—Baird's Eastern and Western minstrel companies will merge at Rochester, June 2.

—Joseph Harris and George Schiller go on the road next season in a piece called *Dissipation*.

—J. H. Slavin, late of the firm of Slavin and Smith, has reached town from San Francisco.

—R. A. Little, the Little Rock (Ark.) manager, is another victim of Frank Arthur's plausible.

—Josely closed his concert tour yesterday (Wednesday), having had a very successful season.

—H. L. Cleveland has been engaged by John Templeton as business manager for next season.

—Manager McCull's contract with the Casino company is for one year from the present month.

—Sidney Smith will take out Ranch to next season. He is booking time and engaging a company.

—Charles Glenny replaced Herbert Kelcey in the Lady Clare company, on Monday, at the People's.

—Cyril Beryl has secured the right to May Blossom for England. He manages the Glasgow Theatre.

—W. A. Mestayer has leased premises on Broadway which he intends converting into a vaudeville theatre.

—The Theatrical Attaches' Association held their first picnic at Wendell's Park on Monday afternoon and evening.

—The Trip to Africa opens at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on May 31, under the Frohman's management.

—Morris Holbrook left for Baltimore on Sunday night to join Ford's Opera company for a season of ten weeks.

—Harry Saint Maur, Florence Gerard and H. L. Lansdale will have an attraction of their own on the road next season.

—On Tuesday arrangements were made for Harry Lee, Frank Weston and Elsie Ellister to take La Belle Russe with them to California on their forthcoming trip. They will start in July and play a week in St. Paul *en route*.

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The Frohman agency here earned and abetted by its prime minister, Mr. Chapman, although only two months old, has already raked up the dry chips and taggots of some other Strand agents. I hear that the Frohman bureau will engage the great musical

—A. C. Hilford has been engaged by the Madison Square, to play Met in Hazel Kirke. This will be his third season.

—An important letter for Kate E. Cleveland, late of the Holland Comedy company, lies in the *Times* Monday letter-box.

—James H. Clapp, the dramatic agent, lost his father on Friday last. Within the past year he also buried his mother.

—Albert Klein, master carpenter, properties or utility—late with a Lights o' London company—is open for next season.

—Ida Jeffreys replaced Elsie Moore in the cast of *The Wages of Sin* on Monday night. The change strengthened the cast.

—G. Herbert Leonard and Louis Hall have been engaged for the Soldiers' Home Summer company at Dayton, Ohio.

—Sydney Cowell has been playing Rachel Donahue's part in the *Rag Baby*. The company closed in Boston on Saturday night.

—Mattie Ferguson has been unable through illness to appear in Bluebeard since Thursday last. Lottie Forbes is playing her part.

—John Watson will not go with Archie Gunter's D. A. M. next season. He has several offers, but is undecided which to accept.

—Grace Wilson, who has made a hit as Simple Simon in *Madam Piper*, has been engaged for the road by W. A. Mestayer.

—The Kendals declined, in a letter to Charles Frohman, received Monday, to offer to them to come to America for three years.

—Horace Vinton informs Tex Mānoa that he has not as yet signed with the Lights o' London or any other company for next season.

—Topical songs still hold the public favor. Those sung nightly at the Bijou and Fifth Avenue mildly ridicule each other's performance.

—Jennie Reilath, having closed with John Stetson, has received several offers. It is probable she will go on the road with *Madam Piper*.

—Rhea opens the Los Angeles Opera House on Monday next. A telegram received here the same day stated the advance sales were \$3,500.

—Jesse Williams has closed a contract with Miles and Harton, and he will join the Orpheus and Euridice company shortly to go to San Francisco.

—Bonnie Runnels is able to get about, but it will be a long time before he can resume his professional work. He is suffering from paralysis.

—Thomas B. McDonough is suing Samuel French for royalties on *Betsy*. The amount claimed is \$12,500. The defendant's property has been attached.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark (Emma Whittle) have been engaged to support Joseph J. Dowling in *Nobody's Claim*. Mr. Clark will also act as a stage manager.

—It has been definitely settled that no theatre will be built upon the site of the old Windsor. The ground is to be leased for the erection of business houses.

—The British country North is likely to be overdone with amusements next season. It is being looked upon as a sort of harbor of safety during the political storm.

—Captain Alfred Thompson has secured the English right to *Madam Piper* for Alice Dunning Lingard. The cost of producing it in New York is said to be \$15,000.

—On Monday many journalists in New York received cards from Irving's agent, Bram Stoker, dated Queenstown—a compliment with a view to favors next season.

—Sidney Brown, who has just closed with the White Slave company, goes to Hempstead Heath for the Summer. Mr. Brown is negotiating with Louis Aldrich for next season.

—The Wallack's Theatre management have reduced their prices for the run of *Madam Piper*. The admission is







# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## The Usher.



In Ushering  
Maudie who had The audience dispersed  
—Love's Loss.

Harry Lee is hurrying around to get a banker, so that he can meet his note for the purchase of *Le Chevalier de la Moliere* from A. M. Palmer. It falls due on Friday, but the usual three days' grace extends Lee's time until next week. He wants to secure the play, because he believes the leading part will fit him like a glove, and it would enable him to gratify sundry stellar aspirations. If Lee defaults in the payment of the note, the Frohmans will snap up *Le Chevalier* for Mantell.

Elliott Barnes is neither a polished nor a witty writer, but there is one line in his *Blue and the Grey*, that evokes roars of laughter. An aged Louisiana darkey is asking a Dutch sergeant about the North. "Massa, I spee you's fm New York?" queries the African. The Dutchman is highly offended, and he replies with indignation. "Turder and Blitzen! Does you take me for an Irishman?" There were crowds of political heelers—a peculiar element in the Niblo gatherings—above in the gallery and at the back of the parquet, and they yelled at this somewhat pointed retort.

Many actors, actresses and managers keep accounts at the Second National, and during the run on that bank last week there were several professionals among the crowd that clambered at the teller's window. One actress of my acquaintance drew out her money—and then she was in a quandary to know what to do with it. She couldn't carry it safely around with her; she didn't dare leave it at home for fear the house might burn down during her absence. Probably for the first time in her life she knew what it was to have an embarrassment of riches. Finally, a happy thought came to the rescue. She hired a safe deposit box, and her boodle is now beyond the reach of panics and dishonest bank officials deep down in an underground vault. But she isn't quite sure that burglars may not crack the crib, so her anxiety has not altogether disappeared.

Speaking of panics, by the way, brings to mind the absurd stories current concerning the losses of the Casino by the Marine Bank failure. Fortunately the amount on deposit there was small, and in no way is the Casino crippled by the lamentable condition of Fish's financial aquarium. With Colonel McCaull it is different. He lost a heavy sum, and from present indications it does not appear that he will recover any portion of his account.

"Irving's Impressions of America," the title of the new book, is a misnomer. It should have been called "Hatton's Impressions of Irving," for that is what it amounts to. The volume is made up for the most part of laudatory newspaper clippings, sickening sycophancy of the English actor's everyday life, and the fatuous eulogiums of a hired toady. It possesses no value except, perhaps, as an advertising scheme, and even for this purpose it is too fulsome. The American people don't care a jot what Irving thinks of them or their country. He is not a man like Lord Coleridge, whose opinions of us are entitled to respect. He came among us to act, and he went away with a good sum of our money. That should have satisfied him. But he must needs set forth his gratitude for the financial success of this exploit in 175 pages of mushy flattery, and employ an alleged "secret" to put his drivel into shape for publication. Were Irving capable of writing an honest book himself, and had he stayed among us long enough to make thorough observations, it is possible that he might have produced something at least worthy of perusal. But the reader of Hatton's "Impressions" lays down the volume, filled with disgust after wading through the mass of worthless, nauseating sycophancy in which it is composed.

The book will certainly fail in the object of carrying favor with our people. We may rebel when we are unjustly assailed, but we cannot stomach such slaver as Irving feels us on. I do not imagine his London friends will be much better pleased than we with the nauseating twaddle of their theatrical deli. How

will they relish this remark, made by Irving to his toady Impressionist, in a conversation respecting the recent Texas tragedy, whereby the two desperados, Thompson and Fisher, were sent to kingdom come? "Thompson was an Englishman, you see, which verifies to some extent what I have often been told, that England has no answer for a full share of the rascality element of the States. The mining regions of California at one time were crowded with English adventurers." Faugh! Macready, although his reminiscences were specimens of monumental egotism, never indulged in such tirade as this. But, then, Macready was an actor of great ability and he stood in no need of advertising aid from his publication. Of literary merit the Irving-Hatton panegyric is absolutely devoid. A tuppenny space reporter on a downtown newspaper could not have produced a worse composition.

There was a good thing said in Boston, a few evenings ago, by Earl Marble, who was dining in a pleasant company, and who, when asked why he dated the action of his opera of *Lee-Nan* two hundred and fifty years back, replied: "Well, I have observed that the average actor not only will indulge his individual gag, but generally a great many of them, especially in comic opera; and I have looked over the ground carefully, and, among other things, studied Wendell Phillips' *Lost Arts*, and concluded that on the average the jokes introduced are between two and three hundred years old; so to keep everything in character, and not have the interpolations seem like misfits, I chose the era that seemed best fitted for their reception." And the bottle of wine was ordered immediately—not at Mr. Marble's expense!

In the current number of the London *Theatre*, Clement Scott's admirable theatrical magazine, I note the following compliment to a writer who is contributing every week to the pleasure of our readers: "Mr. Oakey Hall, the well-known American writer, is a constant attendant at our theatres, and is contributing a capital series of articles to the *New York MIRROR*, chatty, conversational and witty, without a snarl in them. Why don't some of our would-be facetious writers study this art? How much more pleasant it must be to amuse than to wound." The writer might have asked another question—Why don't somebody start an English theatrical paper that will be neither scurrilous nor stupid, but will strike a happy mean, as THE MIRROR has done with most successful results in this country?

A weekly paper accuses Joseph Howard, Jr., of bragging about his yearly earnings. Now, the word "brag" implies mendacity. Howard may be a boaster, but he is certainly not a liar. He makes more money with his pen every twelvemonth than any other journalist in this country, and I do not believe the statement can be successfully disputed. However, the weekly paper alludes to insinuates that Howard's income is grossly misrepresented by that gentleman. I have a simple plan to propose that will put all doubts on this point to an end. Let the writer who charges Howard with braggadocio raise \$500 by some means or other, and deposit the amount with the President of the Press Club, or some equally responsible person. I'll guarantee that Howard himself will cover the sum. If at the end of the year Howard's earnings fall short of \$50,000 his money will go to the treasury of the Club; but if, on the other hand, they reach that figure Howard's detractor will forfeit his—or his friend's—five hundred to the same organization. I am glad that Frank Harvey's play succeeded so well. I have seen many of his plays, and I think he is one of the best, as he is one of the oldest, writers of good English melodrama.

management faithfully, I have met with a poor return. There are, however, plenty of engagements to be had, and I expect to procure one before long."

Since the above statements were made Miss Carey has signed with Harry Miner to play Nellie Denver in *The Silver King*—the company of which Frederick de Belleville will be a member.

### Amberg and the Thalia.

The Thalia manager leaves for England by the Oregon on Saturday. A MIRROR reporter, chancing to meet him yesterday, put the question: "Is it true, Mr. Amberg, that you intend disposing of the whole or part of your interest in the Thalia Theatre?"

"Not at all. A rumor was spread that I wished to do so, and I was immediately flooded with offers. Charles Mendum, Colonel Harvey, Harry Miner, Frederick Berger, Gus Pitou, James Collier and John A. Stevens were among the most prominent. Some of them made me very good offers, but I will not part with the house except on my own terms. I am now going to Europe to secure artists and purchase plays and operas. You may mention that Harry Miner was the highest bidder. He desired to control all the theatres on the Bowery. I will not even let the house during my absence."

"You have lost Geisterer?"

"Yes. She was a very strong attraction, but an expensive one as well. She intends to retire from the stage. I will engage a well-known prima donna and actress to take her place."

"You will still run a stock company?"

"Yes. Most of my late company return to me. Seven of them left for Europe on Saturday to visit their homes, while the remainder stay here for the Summer. I shall follow the same policy as in the past, giving dramas, comedies and operas. I know where to secure them without paying all my profits for the rights and in royalties."

### The Wages, Etc.

"To many people 'The Wages of Sin is death,'" said Manager Overton, jocosely; "but to us it proves the reverse. Why, the first week, despite the prophecy of some that melodrama is played out, we took in over \$5,000."

"How long will you present it here?"

"Until June 7. Then we will take it off the boards until the beginning of the regular road season. Our business has become so extensive that we have taken offices in West Fourteenth street. The Hoop of Gold goes on the road early in September. We purpose sending out at least two Wages of Sin companies—possibly three. Mr. Maubury, Miss Cliefden and myself will go with the No. 1 company. We have ordered nearly \$12,000 worth of printing from the Strobridge Company. I am glad that Frank Harvey's play succeeded so well. I have seen many of his plays, and I think he is one of the best, as he is one of the oldest, writers of good English melodrama."

### Two Theatres to Close.

The sudden spell of hot weather may have been the cause of the announcement that two theatres would close their doors on Saturday night; but many people think that small receipts have much to do with the decision of the managers. With Duff's company, in A Night in Venice, at Daly's, business lately has been poor; but the management state that in a week or so the company will open in Chicago. Several of the artists announce that their contracts close on Saturday night.

The recent reduction of prices at the Star resulted from falling off in attendance, and the Messrs. Frohman state that since the change better business has been the rule. It is now announced that the Pulse will be withdrawn on Saturday night and the theatre closed. Mr. MacGeachy, of the Frohman staff, told a reporter yesterday that the piece will be put on the road in about three weeks.

The theatres at present closed are: The Thalia, Cosmopolitan, New Park and Union Square. The Bijou closes on June 14.

### Browne in the Land of Ginger.

About three months ago Edwin Browne left New York for Jamaica, W. I., with a concert company for a brief tour. He returned on Thursday last, and has imparted to a MIRROR man the results of his trip.

"I have been absent," said he, "nearly fourteen weeks, and am very well pleased with my success. I played in all about nine weeks. I had only five people. I played at Cologne, Panama—which is wrongly called Aspinwall by us—for three weeks. Then Kingston will stand about the same. The remainder I divided among the various towns on the Island. Return visits may also be paid."

"What was the nature of the entertainments you gave?"

"I gave a mixed programme. Vocal selections, piano recitals and ballads, and I myself delivered recitations and imitations, generally winding up with a short comedietta, such as The Happy Pair, A Morning Call, Stage-Struck, Briseuhra, etc. We received flattering press notices at every stand. You may gather my idea of Jamaica and the West Indies when I say that I leave New York again on another trip in a few days, or as soon as my company is ready."

"Will you take another concert company?"

"Not exactly. I am engaging more of a specialty company, say about nine people, who can take part in musical comedies. I have several selected, and can change the bill often. All travel down there is by stagecoach. For each person the cost of transportation over the Island amounts to about \$40. For people travelling alone it would be more."

"Did you find living expensive?"

"No. It costs about \$12 a week each for the best that can be had."

"And the prices of admission?"

"Seventy-five cents and a dollar each, according to location of seats."

"Did you find many rivals?"

"No. The entertainments of the whole Island are generally given through James Gall, a local manager, who is a good one. He thoroughly understands every point, and I make all my advance arrangements through him. There are many openings for small companies there, but they must present a good attraction in a first-class manner, and be satisfied with fair profits."

### Madam Piper's Movements.

"We are desirous of keeping on Madam Piper at Wallack's for seven weeks, the original time fixed for its metropolitan run," said Manager Falk in reply to a question. "We have introduced the popular-price system at this theatre, and give two matines a week, with half-prices for children."

"Where do you take it after the New York engagement?"

"To Boston, opening Sept. 1, where we will play for a long season. After that Chicago and all the large cities."

"Will your company be the same as it is here?"

"Yes. Just as perfect a representation will be given. The houses are keeping up. A large attendance of children is noticeable."

### Brooks and Dickson's Plans.

Brooks and Dickson's Extravaganza and Burlesque company is soon to be organized. Mr. Brooks said: "We have already secured a very good piece, called *Bluff*. It is rather a peculiar title, but I think it will be a great go from present appearances. Jessop and Gill are now putting the finishing touches to it. We have many people in negotiation about it, but as yet have not concluded any contracts. As there is likely to be considerable competition for clever people, I do not care to mention names. We have made our dates, and will be in the field early next season."

"Will you produce *La Chatroniere*?"

"Yes, and are now preparing for it. Most probably Mrs. D. P. Bowers will appear in the leading part."

"How is the agency branch doing?"

"We find our services much sought after."

### A Persevering Woman.

"Miss Welby's third starring season lasted thirty-five weeks," said Manager D'Arcy, in conversation with a MIRROR reporter. "I have already booked twenty-five weeks for next season. The next tour will open Sept. 1, and will be longer. We contemplate an Australian trip. Miss Welby will make her first appearance in San Francisco early in 1885. Then we will play Montana Territory, returning to Chicago, where we will close in May, 1885, and rest two weeks. The company will be reorganized for Australia."

"Any change in her repertoire?"

"It will be nearly all new to her. She intends to carry about six plays. She will retain Oliver Twist and add *Prou-Prou*, *Camille*, *The Goldsmith's Wife* and others."

"Did you not purchase the right of *Nana Sahib*?"

"I translated and adapted it, and secured rights for my own work; but any one else may do the same. Miss Welby will not play in *Jean Richepin's* play, however. It is spectacular principally, and as she is an emotional actress she does not think the part suitable."

"How did you find business the past season?"

"In Michigan and Texas it was very good. In some portions of the country it was excellent, in others disastrous. That's a frank statement, is it not? Next season I will keep South until after the elections."

### Some Lucky Thirtens.

"We have been on the road since August 13, and the season will have lasted forty-three weeks, even if not extended," said Charles E. Callahan, Lizzie Evans' manager, to a MIRROR reporter in the lobby of Tony Pastor's Theatre. "We travelled through the West and South, playing every large city, and crossing Texas twice. We also toured Canada, playing several return dates."

"I fail to believe in the bad fortune of the figure 13, for our company consisted of thirteen persons, began operations on the 13th of the month, and our first metropolitan engagement in Cincinnati consisted of thirteen performances—five matinees and eight nights—and was a great success. Our season has not been prodigiously successful, but, like Mercutio's wound, it will do. The press everywhere has treated us with uniform kindness, and generally Miss Evans has received praise of the very highest order. She has never, that I have seen, been the recipient of an adverse notice. We have made money—not a fortune, but some. Our booking next season will embrace all of the principal cities East and West. So far we have only played Washington and Baltimore in the East, and have done well in both. I am rather conceited over my little star, but of her you must form your own judgment."

### Mr. Mansfield's Departure.

Leonard Outram was a member of the company that played *A Parisian Romance* and had Richard Mansfield as star, early in the season. Mr. Outram and Mr. Mansfield fell out a short time before the combination took up and disbanded, and after a pugilistic encounter, the cause of which was detailed in THE MIRROR at the time, the former received his dismissal.

"I was owed three weeks' salary and my railroad fare from St. Louis to New York," said Mr. Outram yesterday. "I made a demand on Mansfield, but he replied through his lawyers that he was not responsible for the debt. I found afterward that he was responsible, for Robertson, the manager, had sold out his interest in the concern."

"Last Friday I got out an order for Mansfield's arrest, on the ground of non-payment and alleged fraud. The master was kept steady, but somehow or other our boy got wind of the danger and winged his flight forthwith to Boston, whence he took passage by the *Savoyard* and sailed for England on Sunday. I do not, of course, know that the flight was made in order to avoid arrest, but there does not appear to be any other reason for taking his departure suddenly and on a slow Boston steamer."

"My claim won't be outlawed for twenty years. If Mansfield doesn't return east till he is likely to sometime during that period, and if I'm on the same side of the earth I'll have my claim settled, for I'm confident I was treated shabbily by him."

### The Aschbach-Warreng Imbruglia.

Minnie Hank and company are back at work on Music Festivals in the provinces. Minnie Hank finds concert times more preferable than grand operas. Her manager is an impulsive gentleman by the name of Warreng. The manager of the Essexian Pennsylvania May Music Festival was an equally impulsive gentleman named Aschbach. The latter evidently did not understand the professional pride of artists who appear in grand operas, for he insisted on placing the *Savoyard* in the orchestra pit, among the vulgar children and horn-blowers. This occurred during the performance at Bethlehem, Pa., last Thursday night. Titus d'Ernest, the pianist, was deeply wounded at this unchristian insult, and refused to play. He said: "I am an artist, and will not play in the orchestra pit." Mr. Aschbach told Manager Warreng that d'Ernest must play or he would not have his money. On the spur of the moment Mr. Warreng found out, Mr. Aschbach says, that d'Ernest was sick and could not play, though a moment before he had been out discussing the matter and smoking a cigarette.

Then came a note from Miss Hank, demanding her money and threatening to leave for her hotel unless it was paid at once. Mr. Aschbach had to submit or displease the large audience, which was already very impatient at the long delay. Warreng got his money and the performance went on, leaving out the "interludes" of d'Ernest and the orchestra accompaniment. Mr. Aschbach says that he did not wish to mar the artistic pleasure of the audience, or he would have insisted on his rights under his contract, and demanded that d'Ernest should play or that the management should give up a part of the receipts. He would have submitted the facts to the audience and abided by its decision in the matter.

Mr. Warreng's version of the trouble is as follows: "The performance at the open house was witnessed by such a large, elegant and enthusiastic audience that the blunders of the entertainment deserve some explanation. I refer to the long delays at the beginning of the opera and before the production of *True-store*. It is an old, undisputed theatrical law that the accessories for the entertainment are to be furnished by the local manager. In this case I sent the entire list to Mr. Aschbach. Arriving at the theatre the artists found, to their great surprise, that the most essential stage articles, without which the performance of *Faust* was utterly impossible, were missing. It was found out that Mr. Aschbach had them erased from my list without any authority whatever. In order to make the performance possible I, of course, insisted upon getting them. They were finally furnished, but not without causing a half hour's delay and disappointing a public which has shown to Mr. Aschbach so much consideration and support. The second delay was caused by Mr. Aschbach's insisting upon having our Steinway grand piano placed in the orchestra. On being informed that Mr. d'Ernest would not play a solo under these disadvantages he assured me he would arrange it with Mr. d'Ernest himself, assuming the entire responsibility. Later on he declared to Mr. Pratt that he did not care for the piano solo, and that he preferred to have it omitted. What was anticipated arrived. Mr. d'Ernest declined to play, and Mr. Aschbach considered this sufficient cause to decline payment. As the money for the performance was to be paid during the same, the artists declined to continue until their share was paid by Mr. Aschbach, which he ultimately handed over, but not without insulting me."

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## PROVINCIAL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY PAGE.)

people looked very pretty at Gladys. The settings received every attention, the gladie wear being exceptionally attractive.

### MARSHALL

*Academy of Music* (Dr. G. Johnson, manager).—A new cast, a new story, new scenery, and new dress were all present, making the scenes of "The Merchant of Venice" more appropriate than ever. The performance was also particularly good. The prominent supporting characters were done particularly well by Hermessa, Adams, H. T. Trotter, and Harry Thompson. Little Lotta Lodge who played the Captain's child, was especially pronounced the cutest child that ever had a part. The audience was well pleased with the curtain.

*Grand Opera House* (J. J. Kamm, manager).—The appearance of Clara Morris, in "The New Magician," and the display of her voice as an actress and dancer were power. Miss Morris was not out, but she played the part of Mary Morris to perfection. Bearded Opera was the best entertainment seen that has visited our city. George Lewis as the Captain, James Gray as Falstaff, and the soprano, Anna Maria, sang magnificently, and the soprano, Anna Maria, was especially good. The curtain.

*Springfield*

*Grand Opera House* (Miss Tracy, manager).—The appearance of Clara Morris, in "The New Magician," and the display of her voice as an actress and dancer were power. Miss Morris was not out, but she played the part of Mary Morris to perfection. Bearded Opera was the best entertainment seen that has visited our city. George Lewis as the Captain, James Gray as Falstaff, and the soprano, Anna Maria, sang magnificently, and the soprano, Anna Maria, was especially good. The curtain.

### DATTON

*Music Hall* (Larry N. Rose, manager).—C. E. Bates opened the theatre, etc., etc., etc., presenting his "Mystic Travels Through Europe." Over six thousand seats were sold. Among them was the Queen of America.—The Nationalists from England, from the rest of the world, were present. The William Opera Co. played a return engagement, 18th, 19th, and 20th, presenting "Ghosts," "Hans Tietze and Friends" of Peacock's, and "The Mikado." The curtain.

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### HARRISBURG

*Opera House* (Marion C. Van Winkle, manager).—Ada Grey as East Lynne and the "Mystic." The star was supported. The Minstrels gave their second concert of the season at the house well filled despite the rainy night. The programme, consisting of sketches from the scenes of the classic comedies, was well rendered. Sophie Hammie, of Boston, was the bright personality star, and won warm recognition on her voice, and the audience enjoyed the clowns' sketches more than they ever did before. The sketches were excellent, especially the German, French, or Italian, which faithfully carried the assurance with it that it was rendered in a style worthy of this noted organization. The concert was under the conductorship of Professor H. H. Reiss, alias Bostonian.

### JOHNSON

*Union Hall* (John L. Johnson, manager).—A good performance was given by the "Mystic Travels Through Europe." The curtain.

*Widener's Grand Opera House* (James Collins, manager).—"Around the World in Eighty Days," 18th, 19th, to fair. The curtain.

*Music Hall* (M. H. Reiss, manager).—W. H. Lyman as "Peacock" the original star in the new "I Like Ever" was a success. The curtain.

*Music Hall* (M. H. Reiss, manager).—"The Mikado," 18th, 19th, and 20th, presented by the Bostonians, and the curtain.

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

are so distinctly Italian, said one of our number, and the suggestion won instant acceptance. It so happened that none of us had ever seen Marionettes, and we all shared in greater or less degree the old Athenian love for "some new thing."

The apartment in which I had dinner with some friends, established myself in Venice, where on the Riva Schiavoni, and therefore on the same sides as the theatre of the Grand Canal. The being the case, and the distance being short, it was arranged that we should walk to our destination. Evening dress would have demanded a gondola, but the ceremony which in London theatres prescribes a regulation costume, is in Venice exchanged for perfect freedom. And the Teatro Minerva—the home of the Marionettes—is the cheapest, and it possibly the least exacting concerning attire, of all the Venetian playhouses.

"Some people are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them," remarked Charles Lamb to Southey, when he took him home a new coat, labeled with a velvet collar. "We had, on the evening of which I write, the reverse of fashion thrust upon us, by the hours kept at the Teatro Minerva, where—so to put it the convenience of children, who are its chief patrons—performances begin half-past six and are over at nine. We dined at the unattractive hour of half-past five, and before half past six were crossing the Piazza, on our way to the theatre.

The Piazza was gay as ever. The band played cheerily, the stream of promenaders moved on merrily, at the tables before the Caffè Florian and the Caffè Quadri were the usual knots of officers, civilians, foreign artists and ladies, while news-sellers moved up and down, loudly proclaiming the titles of their papers—*La Gazzetta L'Avvisino, Daily News*—and coquettish flower-girls flitted from table to table with their baskets of bouquets.

We left the Piazza, crossed the bridge of S. Moisè, walked some short way along the street, which boasts the original name of "March the 2nd," and presently turned down the Cale del Teatro, one of those characteristic Venetian streets, through which two persons can with difficulty walk abreast. The theatre was the principal object in the Cale, but it could not by any means be called a building of imposing appearance. We paid, according to universal Venetian custom, a certain sum for admittance, and then we were confronted by the problem—What places would be advisable to take? We discovered that our entrance fee of twenty-five centesimi—twopence halfpenny—would secure us seats in the body of the theatre, where, as a hurried glance informed us, contemptuous-looking benches, with a passage down the middle, supplied the place of pit and stalls. The man at the ticket office, an individual with black hair, a sallow face, and dirty hands, looked at our party, and suggested that the "Signori" should hire a private box.

We asked the price. "One franc, fifty." The money was laid down—not without some self-gratulation on the smallness of the sum—and we followed an attendant, who came forward to marshal us to places.

A private box at the Marionette Theatre permits, as we found to our cost, none of its occupants to face, and only two of them to gain a limited view of the stage. They sit m-u-s-i-c, as in an omnibus, upon hard, immovable benches, on each side of a kind of tunnel. We stood up and looked around us. The audience was somewhat meagre. In the body of the house an old man, with a basket of fruit—plums, oranges in quarters, cherries, grapes, dissected walnuts, chestnuts, what not—which were spitted on small wooden skewers, and priced at a halfpenny a stick, moved about among the thinly filled benches, and occasionally exchanged some of his wares for copper.

The orchestra—an exceptionally good one for the place—woke up into life; then the music died away and the curtain rose. Two Marionettes, attired in male costume, rushed in a series of jerks, on the stage from opposite wings. Their stature astonished us. We had expected to find them the size of average dolls. Lo and behold! they measured at least three feet; and, as they were correctly proportioned, and as there was no ordinary mortal beside them to mark relative height, they deluded us into a momentary notion that they were the size of life.

A dialogue began, the voices proceeding from some mysterious elevation, from whence the wires, regulating the movements of the professing speakers, were pulled. One Marionette represented a wicked *Marschall*. He sustained the dignity of the marquisate in a sort of rusty black, with a cravat tied in an ample bow under one ear, his bushy hair, vermilion cheeks, and sweeping black moustache were objects calculated to strike awe into the breasts of commoners uninitiated in the character of leading members of the peerage. His lordship gesticulated abundantly; he waved his right arm, he shook his head, he sat down and rose as he advanced and retreated, after three or four dramatic fashion and all the time, while he moved higher and higher, and while he uttered or declaimed, no change of expression came into his unblinking eyes and no particle of vermillion faded in his cheeks.

Meanwhile, how was the plot of the play developing, as the dialogue went on? I listened intently, and found also that all my study of Italian grammar, all my reluctant acquaintance with the piccolo Roberto and the native Alonso, and all my attendance at the Waldensian Church, served me not one whit in my attempt to translate the speeches of the actors into my mother tongue. These Italian-Venetian dialects—not a syllable of Italian, I avowed one of the members of our party, an English artist, who had lived six years in Italy, and had won some repute as an Italian scholar. I found, to my consternation, that he knew not a word. We sought to have recourse to the *Gildon*, and heard, good-naturedly, between. There the Italian speech, and we should have been at home. Nobody present reminded the artist that he possessed nothing of soul—that it was he who originally proposed our visit to the Marionettes. We applied ourselves to watching the stage, and extracting out of the action of the puppets a story for ourselves. A sense of malice was at hand. There was the butler, a certain *Guilletta*, daughter of our friend, the *Marschall*, who gave the title to the play; there was her over-robust but worthy—whose suit was scornfully rejected by the father, that was a vast sum of money which the *Marschall*, rashly, if not intrusively, carried about in a capacious bag; there were handsome robbers who stole the treasure

and a little girl—apparently another daughter of the *Marschall*—and who met in a cave, which, as represented on the stage, gained for some scenic art or another the easily won applause of the house. There was a good-natured dwarf—the wag of the piece—whose lightest word was incomprehensible, was received with noise of irritation, because seemingly caused by laughter, and who by some artifice, too deep for our wit, had won back the treasure and the daughter for the *Marschall*, demanding as compensation for his pains the services of *Guilletta* and her father—*Le Marschall*. Virtue met its due reward at the close of the play, and pothol justice must have been hard to please if she was not satisfied.

The movements of the puppets, and the prompt, exaggerated manner in which, by dint of hidden management of wires, they seemed to act, word and word, together, were clever enough. The whole performance was, however, as a piece of mechanical skill, though it did not deserve the name of art.

But the crowning point of all was a Marionette ballet which succeeded the play. The expectancy written on the faces of the audience before the curtain rose on the second part of the evening's performance, led us to look for something interesting, and we were not disappointed. It was a sight to see the puppet dancers pose themselves on one foot, and off the other, slowly and cautiously, high in the air, pointing the toe and rounding the arms in a true professional style. The impetuosity of face, which had ill-defined the emotional *Guilletta* and her friends, only added a new power of amusement to the performer of a *pas de deux*. Not the staidest tim-soldier of Hans Andersen's immortal story could have been more enamored of the charming paper-dancer than were we of the leading Marionette of the ballet. If the serious play, with its mysterious Venetian dialogue, with the redundant gesticulation, and the stolid, inarticulate faces of its actors, had bored us a little, the ballet restored our drooping spirits.

"Now, indeed, the dancing was very amusing," we said to our friend, the artist, as the drop-scene fell at last, and we prepared to leave the box.

"Yes, it was amusing," was the answer, delivered with a lenient smile; "but I have had enough of Marionettes—haven't you?" When we go to a theatre again in Venice, let it be to the *Gildon*.—A. Calkin in the *London Theatre*.

## Advice to Aspirants.

The reporter of a local paper has been interviewing Madame Janauschek on the subject of the flux of young aspirants into the profession. The chat was productive of some interesting comments from the star, and some advice that may prove profitable to intending actors and actresses, and with that end in view

*The Mirror* reproduces the conversation:

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"Oh, Madame, please teach me, please help me to go on the stage. I must do something."

"I began to tell her I had no time to take pupils, but I hardly had time to begin when she said, 'Thank you,' and rushed to the door. I called her back, and tried to explain my position to her kindly, but as soon as I spoke a word against her project she again tried to leave the room. Then I saw that here was an unusual case, and that it would be wrong to let her go away discouraged in a city like this. So I told her to come to me at 6 o'clock on the following evening, and that I would talk with her for an hour and do what I could for her. The next day I was made very happy by reading in the papers that the poor child had been taken home by her mother. I did not see in her a great actress—such a thing is impossible—but I saw earnestness of purpose and modesty, and that interested me, for these are rare qualities in aspiring amateurs."

So many impudent, flighty young creatures come to me. They hop in and sparrow with peacock feathers, and want to be called peacocks by every one who sees them. They consider themselves great ladies and only an opportunity to display the world with their art. With such I have no patience, and I tell them frankly what I think—tell them,

"Do I have many opportunities from which I benefit? Yes, and you would act away. Sores and scabs on them at the time. I can never catch them. Look at these girls—why, they are a dozen times better than the comedians I used to see. They have never been on the stage. I am sorry that they have played about and elsewhere, but I have recommended them. Would you let me stage them? I like them, and these girls come in every day, sometimes many and sometimes few, but I usually see them in the sign of a prostitute, which I am always very careful to absent."

The young men are even worse than the girls. They generally make up their minds to be on the stage because they have no other fit for anything else. They are, however, very handsome and a great catch for the profession. A young man came to see me the other day. Heretofore he had a good start and then lost it again. A friend advised him to go on the stage and

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"Do you think it possible for a person to be born a great actor or actress and show it?"

"I think that not one tenth, perhaps not one hundredth, of the great artistic talent born into the world ever comes to the surface, and I think that all really great artists—painters, sculptors or actors—are born both. But our art is like every other. To attain eminence in it means hard work, long study, and much discouragement. Look at Rachel, who began by playing and singing in the street. At that time all her talents were pent up in her, and had no chance to show itself. Suddenly career was the same hard work first, and then success."

"Of course it occasionally happens that an actress, by her attractive appearance, and the whim of the public, rises into momentary prominence. But she soon sinks down again, like a bubble with nothing in it. When youth and beauty of feature have gone, then the true metal shines out, and art, if there be any, must then assert itself."

"But opportunities for young people are becoming rarer every day, and the path which they have to tread, instead of being made smoother by the many who have gone over it, becomes rougher every day. Even if I knew a young girl to have talent, even great talent, I should advise her to entreat her to keep away from the stage, for her own happiness. Everything is shabby and unmethodical. There are no more stock companies in which a young artist can play over and over again until she has perfected herself, and gradually rises to vacancies occur. Every company is travelling, rushing from town to town, two matinees a week, and sometimes, in the West, on Sunday. A play only lasts for a season of a few weeks, and is dropped for something else, and even during that time the poor beginner has no time to study. For as soon as she is off the stage she is on the cars, with hardly time to dress."

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

### The Bass-Sousi Opening.

*(By TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)*

BOSTON, May 21.—The summer season at the Bass-Sousi Gardens opened brilliantly on Monday night. The resort has been greatly improved. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Bass and Minerva. The attractions for the following three weeks will be the Boston Museum company, Fun on the Beach and The Planter's Wife.

The regular season at Low's closed on Saturday night with a performance by Tony Pastor's company. The Boston Museum company gave a single performance of Wouffe's adaptation, *Claire; or, Maties and Checkmates*, at the Providence on Monday night. The occasion was the manager's benefit, and there was a large and fashionable audience. Next week the house will open as "The People's Theatre," with ten-cent admissions.

### Mrs. Langtry En Route.

*(By TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)*

BOSTON, May 21.—Theatrical entertainments are quite numerous for the length of the season. The cream of Monday night's openings fell to Mrs. Langtry, who is playing *A Wife's Peril at Wabie's*. At increased prices the house was filled with a brilliant audience. Tuesday night again enticed an equally large assembly.

Pick's Bad Boy, at the Academy, got a blackeye in the parquette, there being but few patrons there. The galleries were comfortably filled. Uncle Tom's admirers turned out in fair numbers to see Draper's company at Music Hall. The Adelphi was filled, as is customary for Monday night. Colonel Wood's Specialty company is the card.

### At the Hub.

*(By TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)*

BOSTON, May 21.—Packed houses at the Globe to hear the Boston Ideal Opera company in *Martha*, and at the Bijou to see Harrison and Gourley in *Skipped by the Light of the Moon*. Both made hits. Fair houses at Park second week of Red-Letter Nights, and at Boston, last week of *Jalma*. Good houses greeted Sol Smith Russell and Museum company in Edgewood Folks at the Boston Museum and Edwin F. Thorne in the Black Flag at the Howard.

### Miscellaneous.

*(By TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)*

LOWELL, Mass., May 21.—John A. Stevens appeared in *Unknown* on Monday night to a fair-sized audience. This winds up the season here.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 21.—At the Leland Monday and Tuesday evenings, under the management of H. R. Jacobs, the Bennett and Weston Opera company sang *Olivette* to a packed house at ten and twenty cents. The museum at Music Hall, under the same management, is also drawing crowded houses twice a day.

CHICAGO, May 21.—Claire and the Forge-Master had a favorable reception at the Grand Opera House, with Cora Tanner and George Lanch in the leading roles. Their performances particularly fine. Housegood. The third week of *Orypheus and Eurydice*, at Haydn's, opened to a good house. John T. Raymond, in *For Congress*, had a crowded opening house at Hooley's. The Merry War is drawing light at McVicker's. The Mountain Pink, with Anna Dainty, opened a special engagement of one week at the Criterion on Monday night. The attendance was fair. The minor houses are doing well.

BALTIMORE, May 19.—Dead Heart received a night with great enthusiasm. Curtain up three times after Bassile act, and recalls after every other act. JAMES A. DEWITT.

### Janauschek's Intentions.

There are people who weaken in the teeth of bad business, but Madame Janauschek is not one of them. She is not in the least disengaged by the beggarly results of her recent engagement at the Star. She has secured another new piece, which she is confident will please the public better than Zillah. It has two parts for her of an opposite character. One is an aged Frenchwoman of noble birth and haughty manners; the other is an opera singer of a bold and disreputable type. The actress expects to show her versatility effectively in these roles as in the characters she assumes in *Blithe House*. After two or three weeks' rest Janauschek goes to Europe, where she will sojourn for a couple of months. On her return rehearsals of the new piece will begin, and early in September it will be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Messrs. Childs and Taylor are already organizing the company. It will be a powerful one. An offer was made to Frederick de Belleville for the leading part, but he had signed with Mr. Miner to play in *The Silver King*. Frank Losee will probably be secured. Negotiations are now progressing with him. Eva Sothern will, in all likelihood, appear in the juvenile comedy rôle. This young lady who is said to be both pretty and talented has not presented in this country. In London she achieved quite a reputation as a comedienne at the Criterion.

### Fay Templeton's Season.

Singer John Templeton was found in Chicago, busily preparing to move his company to the Dakotah City. During a long

conversation he kept at the work of packing trunks. During the first act of *Gretchen-Gretchen* he went on in the chorus. He is general understudy for male parts. His wife, Alice Vane, is an important member of the company. When do you close your season, Mr. Templeton?

"We don't close at all, sir, only rest for about two weeks, and then play right out to California."

"Is there any chance of Miss Fay appearing in New York?"

"I guess so, but not yet, either. I have had four offers of time—at the Bijou, Third Avenue, People's, and the New Park."

### Palmer's Plans.

A. M. Palmer is enjoying his foreign travels. At present he is touring Italy and the South of France. In a letter to a friend in this city he explains his protracted absence on the ground that he never expects to see the Continent again, and he is lingering saying goodbye to places which he visited on his three previous trips. He denies that he has any intention of going into management in London, and pronounces the report to that effect to be ridiculous. The reason why Mr. Palmer withdrew from theatricals in this city a year ago was because he felt convinced that hard times were in store for our playhouses. Events have scarcely justified this view of the case, and Mr. Palmer's usually correct judgment was at fault. It is unlikely that he will manage a house here next season, but it is certain that he will have either one of the present theatres or a new one not later than a year from next Fall. This is good news for the lovers of artistic management.

### Emma Abbott's Season.

"This season," said Charles H. Pratt, business agent for Emma Abbott, "has been the best my star has yet had. We filled thirty-eight weeks and met with success everywhere. In some large cities, such as San Francisco, Chicago and Philadelphia, she is a great favorite and they gave her a perfect ovation."

"How many operas do you carry?"

"This last season our repertoire consisted of eighteen, but next season she will produce three which have never yet been given by her. We carried the costumes for each, and our company numbered fifty-two people. In her six seasons Miss Abbott has produced over forty operas. I have been with her five years, and shall continue with her next season. There will be several new people in the company."

"When do you open?"

"About Sept. 1. We are only booked for thirty weeks. They are nearly all week stands. You know Miss Abbott goes to Europe shortly for her vacation, and will pursue new costumes there."

Miss Abbott does not sing in New York next season. Her engagements here have always proved disastrous, both financially and artistically.

### Who Buy Plays.

The French firm are in England at present, but they are represented here by trusty assistants. T. R. Edwards, their manager, related some interesting facts yesterday in reply to the queries of a *Mirror* man.

"Do you find much sale among amateurs, Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes. We sell a great number of plays to amateurs. About nine years ago there was a rush for plays of every description, but it subsided; but there is still a steady demand. We have regular society customers, who buy plays simply to read them. This is done in circles. Say a party of eight will select a play with that number of characters. Each reads his or her part aloud. They go through the entire play, and thus find amusement."

"Is the sale confined to New York?"

"Oh, dear, no. Our out-of-town orders are extensive. The taste for private theatricals has developed a great deal of talent which is on the boards-to-day."

"Do you sell to many collectors?"

"Yes, there are some who purchase a copy of every play published. Mr. R. P. Smith, of Alton, Ill., is perhaps the most prominent and persistent collector. His plays are collected in all countries. He goes to Europe every year. Some of his older books are dated in the Seventeenth century."

"How does the sale run in the profession?"

"Each season, when people are engaged, the management generally purchase a couple of books of each play they produce, if published. If this is not done, the actors usually buy themselves. Many plays are not published; so the manuscript is the only copy, and from this the parts are written. About four-fifths of the published dramas come from England. We have a stock of each play published, replenishing when necessary by importation. Many plays, of which we have hundreds of copies, have lain on our shelves for years, with only a few copies sold. The copyright of a good play is valuable. W. W. the representatives of John Maddison Morton, who died years ago, are collecting on English plays which he wrote over forty years ago, and many, like Dion Boucicault, have a steady sale, and collect royalties for their work of over thirty years ago."

Imre Kinaly is in Chicago busily engaged in making preparations for the opening of *Ea* celior, June 2.

### Show and Its Value.

A London writer says: Very recently I was permitted to give a few reminiscences of the scenery, dresses, and decorations by which, in a period of about twenty years—roughly speaking between us and to-night—with a fringe at either end—a sanitary reform was wrought on the English stage, and a great advantage conferred on the representation of the higher class of drama. My survey was advisedly not brought down to the times present. We are reassembled at the Princess Theatre in Charles Kean's time and prime, to see him play Cardinal Wolsey, which is not much to see his wife, a perfect actress, but now beyond her time and prime, play Queen Katharine, which is a great deal, to see the best Henry VIII. perhaps ever represented on the modern English stage in Walter Lucy and to see—which is more germane to the matter at present under consideration—the most splendid revival, scenically and historically considered, ever placed before gods and groundlings.

It was quite a revelation of the play's spectacular capacity when Kean and his council of taste took it in hand. Written in an age of masques and pageants, written, it may be, if the old commentators were justified in their dates, to please Elizabeth, who delighted in such entertainments; written—whether or not in great part by Fletcher scarcely concerns us now—with deliberate purpose of pageantry, and even with some considerable sacrifice of dramatic interest (as in the fifth act) to that purpose. Henry VIII. was really marked out above all plays for the hand of the modern antiquary and restorer. Charlotte Cushman was an excellent Katherine. Phelps did his best, laboriously and honestly, to adorn the many plays he put upon the stage, using the best means at his command. Often great ingenuity was shown in the production of particular effects; but it can hardly be said that Phelps attempted any new plan of scenic arrangement—an positive system of his own. He was a reformer undoubtedly, and the chief of all in the whole range of theatrical history; for, in producing more plays of the highest order than any other manager, he reformed more vicious customs in restoring the integrity of texts and in banishing unwarrantable interpolations. The ridiculous tartsans had kept the stage till they were banished by the management of Sadler's Wells. I claim for Phelps that he led the enterprise taken up by Kean, to whom the lion's share of glory was given in those days. But Kean, in the mere disposition of scenery, was more of an originator than Phelps. We have remarked that peculiarity of perspective, the oblique background, first introduced at the Princess', and repeated, in a modified form, in many of the admirable interiors built upon the stage by Henry Irving. The last scene of *Much Ado About Nothing* was arranged quite after the principle apparent in Charles Kean's system. Now, let us regard Fletcher's totally different method of setting scenes. His main idea was to carry across the middle of the stage some species of rampart, for which the excuse was often hard to find, though he generally found it. Behind this low scene, reaching seldom above the middle of the human figure, a second row of footlights was placed, easily at disposal for modifying the light on the farther scene, which gave the distance. Then Fletcher had an arrangement of his own invention at the wings, which dispensed with the old cumbersome method of sliding scenery on and off the stage.

The reality of the council chamber was the first thing that struck me pictorially in the representation of Henry VIII. at the Princess', and the quick official entrance of the Lord Chamberlain, bustling but noiseless, was the next. David Fisher, who played this little part, must have taken a lesson from the life of Courts, so entirely different was his demeanor from the solemn theatrical stalk seen nowhere off the stage. The Cardinal's presence-chamber in York Place was the next remarkable scene, and it exemplified very successfully a principle of stage perspective which Charles Kean was first to bring before the public. The back scene was diagonally set, so that the chamber, hall, street, quay, terrace, or open country was indefinitely extended. A peculiarly happy effect was thus obtained in the case of this splendid interior, the arrangement enabling a full realization of the spectacular stage directions for the entrance of the king and his companions, habited like shepherds—conventionally and superbly, that is to say—and wearing masks of their beaten gold. A band of drums and fifes, in glittering uniform, punctiliously authentic, preceded the royal party, playing aloud, with shrill emphasis and a rolling, rattling accompaniment, one of those same old tunes revived by Mr. Hatton. The sixteen torch-bearers and all the quaint particulars of King Henry's heathen-pastoral masque, as minutely chronicled by Wouffe's biographer, Cavendish, were conjured up in bodily exactness and with as much splendor, probably, as in the royal pageant.

Let us now get back to the pit of the Princess', and see out the play which is generally thought by modern judges—among them James Spedding, Professors Dowden and Ingram, Robert Browning and Lord Tennyson—to be only in the better and not the larger part Shakespeare's. With that we have nothing to do. Disturbing speculations as to who wrote *Shaksper* have no place in the pit when the curtain is up and the illusion of the hour has taken possession of our souls. The vision that precedes the death of Queen Katharine, at Kimbolton, is minutely detailed for the instruction of the stage manager. It does not include a moonbeam, or flood of moonbeams, with angelic forms floating theron like motes; but with some new machinery from Paris—used also in the apotheosis of Margaret, at the end of *Faust*—Charles Kean set the public grape with wonder. It was the least worthy part of his historical revival of Henry VIII., but it took the general taste more than all the picturesque archaology of the play. There was such completeness about every surprise on Charles Kean's stage that it really was surprising, and defied you to tell how it was done. The trooping angels in the slant of light which poured in at the Gothic windows of Katherine's room in Kimbolton Castle, were we may reasonably guess, supported in iron frames or cradles, just as are the tinselled fairies in a transformation-scene, but with this essential difference, that whereas we are now painfully aware of the awkward angular supports, the constrained attitudes of the supports, and the want of blended connection between figure and drapery, we could then detect no trace of mechanism, or even of arrangement, all seeming so easy and yet inexplicable. A comparison honorable to both between the different systems of Phelps and Kean seems to me necessary to point the moral that should govern shows, as well as other matters—that is, to attempt as much as, and no more than, our means will enable us to accomplish. Economy was imperative in the management of Sadler's Wells, yet by tact and taste, by judgment and ingenuity, I have seen things done that were so striking as to be remembered for years afterward and indeed to be remembered now. Whether the stage-show be for the illustration of a poetical play or for the non-intellectual amusement of holiday-makers and children, the same rule holds good. Phelps, like Kean, clung to pantomime as the legitimate Christmas entertainment following

generally at the Wells, some dull or mediocre plays, such as *Jane Shore*, *Douglas, Venice Preserved*, or *The Stranger*. His pantomimes, such as the Stilt family, were members of his stock company, and were sleek and proud on extra pay in the cheery Christmas time.

We have, beyond a doubt, improved the illusions of the stage by making them less stages. It was difficult at first to break away from tradition. Read the prescriptions for costume at the beginnings of undisciplined acting editions and see how ridiculously conventional they all are. Heavy old men, lovers, chambermaids, and the rest are marked by a sort of stage-tyranny. Modern taste had no more of modern reality or everyday experience about it than Elizabethan tragedy or Christmas pantomime. There was the same false idea of scenic effect and of accessory objects on the stage as there was of dress. I remember how my earliest sense of propriety was outraged by stage-banners and the conventional stage-method of carrying them. It is at the age of ten I had been appointed director of a playhouse. I verily believe I should have distinguished myself as a reformer of these things. How seldom does one see a looking-glass on the stage that resembles a looking-glass of the domestic pattern. The surface is generally a dull sheet of tin-foil, and sometimes, by way of making it more unmirrored-like than it is, two or three streaks of blue lighting are represented as issuing obliquely from one of the top corners.

The shows on the theatrical boards demand the same quality and degree of taste, whether Shakespeare, or Grimaldi, or Madison Morton be the genius of the display. As a discriminating critic and poet once said, "There's an art in *pies*, in raising crusts as well as galleries." Architect and pastry-cook alike are bound by laws, canons and principles, which they neglect at the peril of judgment. There comes another modern innovator in scenic method for our present consideration. Fechter introduced a system more original—I will not say more effective—than the system of Phelps, or than the system even of Kean. Phelps did his best, laboriously and honestly, to adorn the many plays he put upon the stage, using the best means at his command. Often great ingenuity was shown in the production of particular effects; but it can hardly be said that Phelps attempted any new plan of scenic arrangement—an positive system of his own. He was a reformer undoubtedly, and the chief of all in the whole range of theatrical history; for, in producing more plays of the highest order than any other manager, he reformed more vicious customs in restoring the integrity of texts and in banishing unwarrantable interpolations. The ridiculous tartsans had kept the stage till they were banished by the management of Sadler's Wells. I claim for Phelps that he led the enterprise taken up by Kean, to whom the lion's share of glory was given in those days. But Kean, in the mere disposition of scenery, was more of an originator than Phelps. We have remarked that peculiarity of perspective, the oblique background, first introduced at the Princess', and repeated, in a modified form, in many of the admirable interiors built upon the stage by Henry Irving. The last scene of *Much Ado About Nothing* was arranged quite after the principle apparent in Charles Kean's system. Now, let us regard Fletcher's totally different method of setting scenes. His main idea was to carry across the middle of the stage some species of rampart, for which the excuse was often hard to find, though he generally found it. Behind this low scene, reaching seldom above the middle of the human figure, a second row of footlights was placed, easily at disposal for modifying the light on the farther scene, which gave the distance. Then Fletcher had an arrangement of his own invention at the wings, which dispensed with the old cumbersome method of sliding scenery on and off the stage.

As I began, so shall I end—by declaring that the three great theatrical reformers, so far as the purpose of introducing appropriate scenery, dresses and decorations is concerned, have been Phelps, Charles Kean and Fechter; these have contributed to bequeath an example which the most enlightened managers of the present day are now intelligently, and I will add, freely following:

### Professional Doings.

—W. W. Kelly is figuring on the management of Mme. Janisch.

—Edward Gervais goes to Dayton for the comic opera season there.

—The orders for next season's printing are very large for this time of year.

—Fraulein Seebold, of the Thalia company, will appear in English next season.

—Signor George Olli continues with Fay Templeton for her supplemental season.

—Manager Sam Fort, of Baltimore, takes a benefit at his theatre on Saturday night.

—Rachel Booth is improving slowly. It will be some time before she is able to act.

—Remenyi, the violinist, is to make a professional visit to the Pacific Coast next month.

—Diby Bell and Laura Joyce Bell will appear in *Nell Gwynne* at the Casino next season.

—Max Zoellner, recently agent of the Deuce of Hearts, is in town looking for an engagement.

—William Murray remains with John Steeson next season. He has been with him many years.

—Albert Laves has returned to his old premises, which were damaged by fire two months ago.

—Henry Holt is engaged on the scenery for C. R. Sanderson's spectacular play, *Zoro, the Magic Queen*.

—Manager Hickey, of Troy, who controls a large circus lot in that city, is considering the wisdom of putting up a tent for Summer opera.

—Tony Pastor says that up to the present time this is the best season he has ever had on the road. He gets a royal welcome everywhere.

—Arthur Benoit, of the business staff of the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, has been presented with a silver service by his co-workers.

—The American Dramatic Fund Association have been paying an annuity to John Chippendale, the English comedian, for over thirty years.

—M. J. Thomas and Kitty E. Sweeney, late of the McCullough-Beggar Student company, have been engaged for the comic opera season at Dayton, Ohio.

—The artists for

**Ricci's Fresh Start.**

The manager of the Surprise Party is elated over his improved prospects. The success of the Pacific Coast season seems to have given him a fresh start. The Surprise Party was his answer, and it has won. Yesterday he imparted to a Mexican reporter some of his plans for the future.

"When I was sent to San Francisco it was predicted that the trip would be a failure, owing to changes in the organization. Yet it brought money there. I have a new piece, called *Spas*, which the Surprise Party will double pay their way East. Kate Cameron will remain with the company and be the chief attraction. My Opera Bouffe and Burlesque company, with Harry Dizay as the principal drawing card, opens in Chicago on July 13 and will play all summer."

"You have an interest in Well-Ped Dora?"  
"Yes. When I took it in hand I added about twenty numbers. I managed burlesque in the early days, and I know what the public want."

**A Short Lesson for the Weary.**  
**THE CRITIC.**

*What is a critic?*  
A critic is a man, woman, or thing that writes what he, she or it may imagine to be true, and therefore necessary to be divulged.

*How are critics divided?*  
Into good, bad, indifferent and can-be-won-over critics.

*What does the male critic do?*  
The male critic cuts clover with the manager. The male critic also praises the lady star, and sometimes the soubrette. He devotes little time to the support; he is too busy.

*What does the female critic do?*  
The female critic comes early and wishes the balance of the audience would do likewise. The female critic is of the opinion that if she were on the stage she would at least know how to act. She has no opinion whatever of the ability of the lady star; but admits that she dresses the part well.

*What does the thing critic do?*  
The thing critic does many things which do not meet with general approval. It thinks that the leading man is entirely unsuited to his part, and that the play is "unmitigated rot;" and then the thing critic goes out and buys itself a seltzer. The knowledge of the thing critic is of a negative character.

*Do all critics write their opinions?*  
No; some critics only talk them.

*Which are the more tiresome?*  
The talking critics.

*Why are the talking critics the more tiresome?*  
Because they do not talk on space.

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**Amateur Notes.**

The attack of McConnell's Brooklyn Theatre was on Saturday evening last. The theatre was crowded to overflowing. *Richelieu* was given, with F. B. Warde in the title role. Manager McConnell, as De Maupeau, was picturesque and forcible. His friends presented him with a handsome diamond ring, which he acknowledged in a few well-chosen words. R. C. Hilliard was the Baradas. He evinced considerable power, and gave a very acceptable performance of a difficult role. Mr Barnes as the Duc D'Orleans played well. Mrs H. M. Ferris gave an excellent rendition of Julie. All of the remaining characters were assumed by professionals.

The injudicious and indiscriminate praise bestowed upon amateurs by their friends, is not only ruinous to them in an artistic sense, but it places them frequently in a channel for which they were never designed by nature to drift. An art so intricate as the dramatic cannot be cultivated by a dozen appearances before the footlights, and at interlapses of weeks between each performance. By the battery of friends and compliments of unwise journals, a false confidence is created, which influences many to adopt the profession as a livelihood. The amateur frequently learns too late that his dreams and aspirations of fame and fortune cannot be realized.

More attention should be paid to the stage manager at rehearsal. The scene is always a moving picture, each character forming a part thereof. It is important that some person should constitute himself the artist to direct and assist the proper place for each individual particular. This branch is not confined merely to amateurs. The voice of the stage manager should be law in every theatrical organization.

Mrs. H. M. Ferris appeared as Juliet at Hanover's Theatre, Brooklyn, on Saturday afternoon. Her performance met with the same favor with which it was greeted when she assumed the role for the first time with the Amanns. F. B. Warde was the Romeo. Mrs. Ferris will appear professionally next season.

Bennie Byrne gave a reading at the University Club Theatre last week. She was assisted by the Marquis de Leuvile, who read one of his original poems.

Nellie Kline recited at a benefit recently with success.

The Amateur League presented Woodcock's Little Game at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on May 13. It was in aid of Amity Lodge and was given with the same cast by which it was illustrated in April. The League has taken high rank among the societies in the metropolis.

Among the amateurs who have displayed the greatest ability this season may be mentioned L. F. Conrad, John H. Bird, Dean Pratt, Charles Lamb, H. H. Gardner, John W. Nolin, H. J. Stokum, Wallace Grant, T. J. Baynor, Mrs. H. M. Ferris, Mrs. Bellows, Ma May Thompson, Sue Hegeman, Mrs. Brown, Potter, Nellie Yale Nelson, Mrs. H. F. Neffle, Julia Reid, Grace Clark, J. Stevens Keene, J. G. Halsted, Colonel Dumont, Eliza P. Otis, A. P. Vredenburgh, W. A. Clark, J. J. Darling, Charles

Withington, Maggie K. Hall, Eleanor Bradford, Ella H. Smith, Elinore H. Boyd, R. C. Hilliard, Minnie Seigman, Michael Norton and H. S. Hilliard.

Vera Vernay, for the past season in the Amateur League, has made a successful debut with the Handmann company as Romeo.

The Gilbert Amherst Kemble, Arling-ton League, Ximena, Melisse, Ladies' Dramatic Union and Amateur Opera Association have all closed. A number of these societies have exhibited talent during the present year, and they will struggle hard for first place next season.

Charles Lamb of the Kemble, has shown ability in several parts. He is a son of Edward Lamb, the comedian.

Harris S. Hilliard has determined not to join the professional ranks at present. He desires to gain more experience, and will sing leading tenor roles with the Amateur Opera Association and Ladies' Dramatic Union.

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